

# Anything You Would Not Dare To Lose

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Summary: Continuation of "Anything You Would Not Do", taking place after "Into Darkness". If one has burnt the world, one has to face the consequences - or to save it. Again - a bit self-therapeutic and English is not my first language, so beware...

## 1. Chapter 1

He dreamed of her in his cryosleep.

He saw her standing in front of him, in the dress she wore when they first made love in the training room, fragile and beautiful. He wanted to touch her, but he couldn't.

He realized this was just a dream, not reality – he remembered that he had put her to the same cryosleep he was now in.

"Verify the source of the information, Khan" he heard her saying. This was what she had taught him in the first place, when it came to computers.

Not only computers, he suddenly realized.

When he was alone, on the Vengeance, and the Volcan first officer – Spock was his name – dropped the Enterprise's shields, did he transport all the torpedoes? Yes. Were the readings correct? Yes.

But did he, manually, open even one of the torpedoes? No, he didn't. He didn't have time. Or else, he chose not to do this, instead firing on the Enterprise to make the ship unable to move and to attack. He made a choice. And Spock detonated the torpedoes.

Was it possible to extract the cryotubes from the torpedoes within a short time, after one learned how to open one? Yes, it was; that's how Khan designed them himself. He would need about two hours to open

all seventy-two on his own. And Spock had all the medical and engineering staff of the Enterprise at his command.

Was it probable that what indeed detonated, were just the torpedoes, and his people were safe?

Yes, it was.

Khan would, at this moment, give everything to wake up, but he was unable to do so.

Monika's image disappeared, and he knew that it was just his sub-consciousness trying to deliver an important message; he was just talking to himself; but the words, and the wisdom therein, were all hers.

He knew she paid a painful price to learn it, used and abused by a psychopath, manipulated. But she learned, and she went on, the survivor she was.

Whereas he, swept away on the wave of his own anger and rage, crashed a spaceship into a city full of people, and killed with cold blood.

She did not accept killing, especially on the part of him, as she knew he had the skills and resources to win without taking lives.

He will pay any price she will want him to pay, he thought.

Khan's thoughts drifted away, and he was sleeping deeper this time, with no dreams.

## 2. Chapter 2

Pain and cold, all the known sensations of being awoken one more time, were the signs that Khan's cryosleep has been put to an end. His body shivered, naked, as he attempted to get up from the cryotube. He did not yet see anything â€" temporary loss of vision was the side-effect of cryosleep â€" but he knew that his eyes will adapt in few minutes.

â€žWhat happened that you have woken me up?" he asked a blueish figure, which was most probably a doctor. Six reddish figures had to be the security.

No-one answered his question.

â€žWe've got him awake, captain" said a voice that Khan knew. He forced himself to sit up straight, put his hands to the eyes and concentrated â€" this should allow him to increase the speed of regeneration in his eyes.

As he opened them again, he recognized the doctor McCoy from the Enterprise. The interior was also, definitely, the ship he had almost destroyed.

â€žWhere is my crew, doctor?" Khan asked again, not expecting McCoy to answer. It was just to see the man's reaction, and it was just as Khan had expected.

McCoy's body language showed no emotion. Which meant that either the Starfleet's doctor was a psychopath, or Khan's crew had not been killed. Khan remembered the man's anger as the doctor performed a blood transfusion from Khan to the Enterprise's captain " James T. Kirk " and stepped just a bit over the line drawn by the Hippocrates' oath. McCoy was definitely able to express standard human emotion.

So Monika was, most probably, right. And there was still hope.

\* \* \*

><p>Khan had to dress up in the presence of the security, while McCoy performed tests on him, not uttering a word. Khan was waiting patiently, a bit curious if the captain will prefer to discuss with him in the medlab or will he give him a cell in the arrest facility.<p>

Kirk apparently chose the first option.

"Captain." Khan "greeted" Kirk sitting on the bed, security officers around him. "What caused you to wake me up? And where is my crew?"

Kirk should have been prepared for these questions, and surprisingly to Khan, he was. "Your crew is safe. At the moment. But the Starfleet faced an enemy that puts all the know intelligent species, including yours, to danger."

Khan closed his eyes, feeling his tears come behind them. They were alive. Still in cryosleep, most probably, but alive. In his dream, his love and his crewmember, was right.

Verify the source.

"I want to see them. Before I decide to cooperate with you, and not after."

Kirk thought for a while. "This can be arranged. Until then, you will remain in your quarters, but under surveillance. I would advise you not to try anything, but you will probably ignore me until you know that I speak the truth."

He's learning, Khan thought to himself. And he was to have a "quarters" instead of a cell. That meant things were getting very serious for Starfleet.

Only after he was transferred to his room, and the door shut behind him, separating Khan from the security officers, did he allow himself to fall down to his knees and cry with relief at the thought that his crew was still alive.

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><p>The cryotubes were safe and secure, inside a Starfleet storage deep underground in London. Of course, Khan was not allowed to touch them, but the visors showed his crewmembers' faces, and the readings indicated that the frozen men and women were in good condition.<p>

“Shall we discuss your cooperation now?” Kirk asked as they beamed back to the Enterprise, which was orbiting Earth. Khan nodded.

Kirk led him to the officers' conference room. The captain turned on the display, which showed a cube in space. The image zoomed in and Khan saw that the cube was a spaceship, constructed, most probably, of parts taken from other spaceships.

“The species calls themselves Borg.” Kirk explained. “We encountered them during the last year of the five-year mission after you were put into sleep.

So it was five years that had passed. Khan thought about Monika's cryotube, stored within the London "archive" of Section 31. He will have to check, somehow, that she is safe as well. Maybe even transfer her to the rest of his crew.

“The technology of this species is far more advanced than anything we have encountered. No Starfleet race will have this technological capacity within the next 100 years. We don't know much, but the Borg are quite open as to their purpose: they want to assimilate all the sentient beings into their collective, as they call it. Lesser beings are to be killed. The destruction of Volcan probably triggered their attention to the Starfleet much more earlier than it would be expected.” Kirk showed images of weaponry, cube-shaped ships, technical data.

Khan remained silent. Kirk was, indeed, speaking the truth, in the part that he said Khan's crew could not be safe from a species this advanced. They were outnumbered, even if Khan would unfreeze all of them, and could not measure up to such technology. Not on their own.

“I will cooperate” Khan replied. “You knew that from the very beginning, didn't you, captain?”

Kirk sighed. “I very much hoped. As my first officer says, this was the only logical decision”.

This was the time to gamble again. “I request one thing. One crewmember of mine, but not of the seventy-two”.

Kirk seemed startled “Khan realized that this was because of his own choice of words, since Kirk didn't know any crewmembers of Khan apart the ones from the Botany Bay. “I treat my friends as my crewmembers” Khan explained, and Kirk looked relieved this time.

“Why do you ask for that? You probably know I would not be authorized to awake any of your Augment crew.” Indeed, Khan expected this much.

“She is the only one person that can help us win against the Borg. Against such technology, I need her. One condition, though “the decision must be hers. If she doesn't decide to cooperate, you will let her go freely, and never ask any questions again.”

Kirk most probably did not expect that the person could be a "she", that was what Khan read from his reaction.

“Where is she, then?” the captain asked.

“I will have to show you. And I will need some clothes, blankets, a datapad, and hot tea.” Kirk looked at him with eyes wide open. “I had to put her into cryostasis because your late Admiral Marcus decided to have her killed without any specific cause. And if I am to have any chance of convincing her to cooperate, I will wake her up alone.”

Kirk's face showed that he had many questions to be asked, but he was at the moment wise enough not to bring them up. “I'll arrange for that. But we stay outside on audio.”

“Agreed”. Kirk left, and Khan waited for his security to take him to his room.

The gamble was successful.

But will Monika be willing to see him again, after what he did? He couldn't be sure; he just had to hope.

### 3. Chapter 3

The dreams, never-ending dreams, coming and going.

Monika dreamed about her ex-husband, lying as always, manipulating her. She wanted to have Khan beside her, but he did not appear most of the time, and when he did, it was only for brief periods of time in her dreams.

Dark corridors, Khan's face after radiation rendered him unconscious on the Jupiter station.

Khan's interrogation files.

Photos and recordings in these files.

She re-read all of this once again, and again; re-lived their mission but now without Khan.

In her cryosleep, she was alone. She had to survive on her own.

And she did. But she still missed him so much that it caused her pain, felt even despite the deep sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>She noticed when the sleep subsided, slowly “ the temperature was rising, and the physical pain was awakening. And she couldn't see.<p>

But she could hear, and a familiar and so much missed voice was bringing her back to consciousness.

“Monika, it's me, Khan. You have been in cryosleep, and now you are awake.”

His voice was soft, controlled, but she heard flickers of emotion

behind " only that she couldn't identify what exactly they were. The last thing she remembered was her leaving the room and an unknown man pointing a gun at her. What had happened?

Her body shivered, and she felt Khan's hands putting a blanket around her. "It's me. You are safe" he reassured her. "Your vision will be back in about ten minutes or even faster. This is a side effect of the cryosleep, as is the pain and cold you are now feeling. It all will pass." he was rubbing her back so that she felt warm, he drained the fluid from the cryotube and helped her sit on the bed, next to him and the warmth of his body, while she still couldn't see anything.

She thought that he must have gone through this procedure in a much less comfortable conditions, surrounded by enemies.

"Are you all right, Khan?" she asked. She felt him taking her hands into his. "I am." he responded with warmth in his voice, seemingly moved by the mere fact that she asked. "The rest of my crew is safe." he added, probably knowing that she will ask about them as well.

She regained her vision, a bit blurry at first, but slowly coming to the usual sharpness. She turned to him and saw his face " he didn't age much, or even at all, only his hair grew a little bit longer - but his eyes showed that he must have gone through a lot more that he now wanted to disclose to her.

She touched his face, and he remained still, unmoved, patient " she caressed his cheek and touched his lips. "I missed you so much. I had nightmares. Without you" she said, and she saw pain in his eyes.

"I had no other option" he responded. "You were shot, do you remember?" she nodded. "I had to put you into cryosleep because Marcus wanted to pursue some manhunt within his own Section. I couldn't evacuate you to safety." he began explaining, and she put her fingers on his lips again.

"Whatever you did, I know you had to".

\* \* \*

><p>He closed his eyes for a moment, still tense, as if he was afraid of something.<p>

But he was never afraid. Something was wrong.

He had gone into a space station's heart, flooded with radiation, well knowing that it could end his life " and without any sign of fear.

"Khan, what happened? How much time has passed?"

\* \* \*

><p>He looked into her eyes, knowing that he must be sincere, with regard to facts as well as his feelings. He didn't want to lie, to hide anything from her. The fact that Kirk and the others were listening didn't matter to him at all " let them hear things they

won't understand in a lifetime, he thought. All that mattered was to reveal himself to her, to show her complete and reliable information so that she can make her decision.<p>

But will she stand it? Will she accept that, accept him, after what he has become?

“Five years and a half. I was put into cryosleep again five years ago and reawakened two weeks ago”. He took a deep breath, it was now time to start telling her the whole story. “Due to my actions after I put you to sleep, I am now under surveillance of Starfleet. As we speak, six security officers, a starship's captain and his first officer are on audio. I am forced to make you decide whether you will go with me or not within the next few hours, while you are still in shock after cryostasis.” He saw her opening her mouth, just to speak, but cut sharply. “And before you decide, you shall know all the facts.”

He took the datapad and gave it to her, her hands still shivering lightly. He stood up to take the thermos with hot tea and a cup, and poured some liquid for her.

“I copied all the data on what happened” he dared not sit next to her, instead he sat on the floor in front of her, legs crossed in sort of semi-lotus, which helped him focus on what he needed to say.

“After you were attacked and put into cryosleep by me, I concentrated on attempting to evacuate the rest of my crew. I put them in torpedoes I designed myself. I blackmailed a Section staff member, a father of critically ill girl, to sabotage the Section in exchange for my blood given for her.” He observed as Monika froze, still looking at the datapad. She did not look at him now.

“Marcus discovered that and I had to escape alone, having every reason to believe that he killed my remaining crew. So I responded in kind “ I opened fire at the gathering of senior officers in Starfleet headquarters and killed off Pike and few others, but not Marcus. Then I escaped to Qo'nos. Marcus sent the captain of the Enterprise, James Kirk “ who is now on the other side of this room, listening to us “ to follow me and equipped him in my torpedoes.” he paused, giving her time to understand what he said, then continued.

“ After I realized there were seventy-two of them, I surrendered to Kirk. Marcus followed me and I cooperated with Kirk in order to get onto the Vengeance, where I killed Marcus. My cooperation with Kirk ended and I opened fire at the Enterprise, of which first officer, Spock, ignited the torpedoes after I had them teleported to the Vengeance. I maneuvered the damaged Vengeance into the Starfleet headquarters on Earth, the ship however missed the target destroying a part of the city, and I was subsequently captured by Spock and put into cryostasis again.”

This was the most concise summary he could think of. Pure facts. Then came time for emotions. Monika was still keeping her eyes on the datapad, browsing the data, still not looking at him, as if she was frozen by what he has just said.

“I have killed several people. I will not attempt to excuse myself

for what I did. I know well that you detest killing. I have been promised by Kirk that the Starfleet will let you free if you don't decide to cooperate with me, because you have every reason not to. In such case, it is most probable we will never meet again."

His last words made her open her eyes wide " he saw clearly that she was crying now " and finally look at him.

"I love you with all my life, Monika. But I cannot undo what I did and what had happened. What I have become. You now have a few hours to think about your decision, read all the data. The decision has to be yours alone. I can leave you now if you like"

"No". he heard her whisper. So he stayed, sitting still, unmoving and waiting. Looking at her from so close, possibly for the last time, if she says no. Then he bowed his head and stayed in this position, waiting for the judgement.

End  
file.